

The New Era,

DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION AND AGRICULTURE.

"GIVE ME THE LIBERTY TO KNOW, TO UTTER, AND TO ARGUE FREELY, ACCORDING TO CONSCIENCE, ABOVE ALL OTHER LIBERTY."

NEWMARKET, C. W., FRIDAY JANUARY 22, 1886.

WHOLE NO. 311

VOL. VI. NO. 51.

Business Directory.
NEWMARKET
Stove, Copper, Tin, Sheet Iron, and Japan Warehouse.

Returning thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on the firm of Hodge & Son, the undersigned respectfully intimate to their customers and the public generally that the business will hereafter be conducted by

J. & J. HODGE,
And having lately purchased those commodious premises lately occupied by Mrs. Susan Davis, our Shop has been removed to the new premises, and is now situated in a large and commodious building, and is now open for business.

COOKING, PARLOR AND BOX STOVES.
Of the newest designs and latest patterns, Japanese and Pressed Tin Ware, Cast Iron, and Lead & Tin.

Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware manufactured to order on the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Persons wishing to purchase anything in the above line of business, will find it greatly to their advantage to call and examine this Stock before selecting elsewhere.

On Oct. 1st, Copper, Brass, Pewter, Lead, Zinc, Sheet Iron, and all other articles in the Iron and Steel Trade, taken in exchange for Goods.

J. & J. HODGE,
Newmarket, Dec. 25, 1885. 11-47

F. W. BATHURST,
Teacher of Music, Newmarket, C. W. Piano tuned to order, in Town or Country, on the shortest notice. Residence—House of Mr. Brodie, Newmarket, Sept. 6, 1885. 11-31

J. SAXTON,
Watch and Clock Maker, Main Street Newmarket. All kinds of Watches and Clocks repaired in order, and warranted. WANTED—An Apprentice to learn the Business. Newmarket, September 9, 1885. 11-32

PAUL DEPOSITORY.
BILLS of Exchange, and all other documents, can be held at Society's place, upon application to the Treasurer, Newmarket, March 20, 1886. 11-11

GEORGE B. HUTCHCROFT,
Wagon, Carriage & Coach Maker, Main Street Newmarket. All orders executed with dispatch. Newmarket, Feb. 6, 1886. 11-501

New Wagon and Carriage Shop.
The undersigned respectfully intimates to his friends and the public generally that he has lately opened a

WAGON AND CARRIAGE SHOP.
In his new premises, Simon Street, near the Catholic Church, where he is prepared to execute all orders with which he may be favored, with neatness, dispatch and economy.

Call and examine the work and hear the prices before purchasing elsewhere.

ROBERT MURRAY,
Newmarket, May 29, 1885. 11-17

THOMAS NIXON,
Licensed Auctioneer,
For the Townships of Whitechurch, King and East Gwillimbury.

Goods of all descriptions sold on Commission, at the Auction Mart of the Subscriber, on the first Monday of every month.

Auction Sales attended in the above Townships.

THOMAS NIXON.
Newmarket, Feb. 10, 1885. 11-3

DR. BENTLEY,
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur,
NEWMARKET,
Office—Water Street, just off Main Street.
Feb. 22, 1885. 11-3

Franklin House.
Seneca & Elliott Streets, Buffalo, N. Y.
The Proprietors,
E. YOUNGLOVE AND G. E. L. JACKSON.

Jas. McClure & Henry Croxon,
HOLLAND LANDING,
LICENSED Auctioneers for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe. All orders promptly attended. 11-16

Armstrong House,
ADJOINING THE RAILWAY DEPOT!
And nearest House to the Steamboat Landing, COLLINGWOOD.
G. W. ARMSTRONG, PROPRIETOR.
July 3, 1885. 11-22

Just Printed,
AND for Sale at this Office, BLACK MARBLE A Certificate, adapted to the use of Ministers of all denominations. Price 10 per dozen, or 63 per 100.
Newmarket, March 25, 1885. 11-17

MILLINERY.
THE MISS VERNONS
Established nearly opposite the North American Hotel, Newmarket, under the patronage of the Ladies.

RAILROAD HOTEL,
NEW MARKET.
This hotel is located in a commodious and comfortable building, and is situated in the most convenient position for the traveling public. It is well supplied with every comfort and convenience, and is open for the reception of the public.

G. A. WALLACE,
BARRISTER,
Two doors North of M. W. Hogart's Store, MAIN STREET NEWMARKET.
Newmarket, Oct. 22nd, 1885. 11-24

MASTERS' BLANKS,
Of all descriptions, on hand for sale. Apply at the NEW RAIL OFFICE.
Newmarket, March 9, 1886. 11-17

Business Directory.
John T. Stokes,
ARCHITECT &c, 60, SUNDAY, Canada West, Sharon, Jan. 25, 1886. 11-51

GEO. HUGHES,
COMMISSIONER for taking Affidavits to the Queen's Bench, for the Counties of York, Peel and Simcoe, Conveyancer, &c, &c.
Brownsville, April 1887. 11-14

T. Bishop & Son,
BRICK LAYERS, Plasterers and Stone Masons.
Dealers in Lime, &c, &c.
Main Street, Newmarket, May 7, 1887. 11-14

DR. E. VERNON,
—AURORA—
RESIDENCE—formerly occupied by Dr. Orlin.
Aurora, March 11, 1887. 11-6

CHARLES MORTIMER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
AURORA. 11-16

DR. M. RANNEY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
SHARON. 11-16

A. BOULTBEE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c, Newmarket.
Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1885. 11-36

R. MOORE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Attorney Conveyancer, &c, Office in the New Court House, next to the County Council Office, Toronto.
Toronto, June 5, 1887. 11-37

JOHN R. JONES,
BARRISTER-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c, Office in Elgin Building, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.
Toronto, June 30, 1885. 11-37

NORTH RICHARDSON,
CONVEYANCER, Land Agent, &c, Commis- sioner in the Queen's Bench. Office—Old Stand, Prospect St. Patents of Inventions procured.
Newmarket, 1885. 11-1

INTERNATIONAL
Life Assurance Society of London,
Capital—Half-a-Million Sterling.
ROBERT H. SMITH, Agent.
Newmarket, Nov. 3, 1885. 11-41

DR. PYNE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
RESIDING FULLY informs the public, that he has REMOVED to his new premises on Lyon Street, opposite the Woolen Factory, where he may be consulted at all hours, except when absent on professional business.

Newmarket, May 14, 1886. 11-15

DR. HACKETT,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c.
RESIDENCE—Prospect Street, (Barbitt Hill), Newmarket. 11-26

A. J. McCracken,
CARRIAGE MAKER, NEWMARKET,
HAVING recently located in this place, we have constantly on hand a general assortment of CARRIAGES, such as BAROUCHES, ROCK-A-WAYS, Rough and Ready, Phaetons, Prince Alberts, Trotting Buggies, &c.

Repairing done in a neat and substantial manner. 11-1

SHOP, ON MAIN STREET,
Three doors South of the New Era Printing Office.
Newmarket, April 15, 1887. 11-11

DONALD SUTHERLAND,
WATER STREET, NEWMARKET,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, BOOTS & SHOES,
Ready-Made Clothing,
China, Glass and Earthenware.

The Highest price paid for Farm Produce. Cash for Wheat, Oats, &c. 11-17

Unity Fire and Unity
General Insurance Associations,
OF ENGLAND,
FOR every description of Fire and Life Assurance Business.

Capital, £2,500,000 Sterling.
Chief Offices—Unity Buildings, Cannon St., London, England.
Toronto Branch—Toronto Street

J. W. MARSDEN,
Agent for the Counties of York and Simcoe.
Newmarket, July 31, 1887. 11-38

ROBERT BRODIE,
BUILDER, &c, &c,
Returning thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed during the past few years, respectfully intimates that he is now prepared to contract for the

ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,
and when required, find all Materials. Shop on Water Street.
Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1885. 11-36

E. D. ROGERS,
JOINER AND CARPENTER,
Returning thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed during the past few years, respectfully intimates that he is now prepared to contract for the

ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,
and when required, find all Materials. Shop on Water Street.
Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1885. 11-36

MR. ESTEN
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR.
OFFICE—Next door to Mr. Boulton's Law Office, Eagle Street, Newmarket.
October 22, 1887. 11-38

RYAN & HALLEN,
CIVIL ENGINEERS,
AND
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS.
Office—Newmarket, County of York.
JOHN RYAN, S. V. HALLEN.
December 27, 1885. 11-47

Poetry.
The Dying Soldier to his Mother.

Mother, I am dying now,
Life's tide is ebbing fast,
The death-dampers on my brow,
Soon, soon I shall have past.
The red upon those darkling waves
I dread to launch my bark;
There, something fearful in the grave,
So dreary, cold and dark.

O mother, it is hard to die,
Untimely, and so young;
So soon beneath the clod to lie,
Of good so little done.
But, mother, of thy counsel kind,
I've not unmindful been,
I've shunned the haunts of vice and crime,
Debauchery and sin.

But I could not'st dearest, resist,
Almost could welcome death,
Could I but in my arms recline,
To yield my latest breath;
Could I but hear thy blessing now,
In life's distracting hour,
Or feel thy soothing on my brow,
Even death might lose its power.

To do my duty, as I near
The last consummation;
O, would, my mother thou wert here,
To soothe my hour of weep;
When this my ravelled yarn I shall lay
Beyond the reach of pain;
O mother, do not weep for me,
Since we shall meet again.

Literature.
The Bride of an Evening.
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.
The Astrologer's Prediction.

Reading, a few weeks since, one of De Quincey's papers—"Three Memorable Murders,"—recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of the most mysterious domestic dramas that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the flight of time to develop.

The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the Old Dominion, where the head waters of the Rappahannock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forest-crowned ranges of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.

At the intersecting point of these rugged, craggy hills, nestled in a little hollow, named from its elevated position, Altogether.

At the period at which our story opens, the four estates, in the four angles of the irregular mountain cross, were owned as follows:—

The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was the life property of Madame Audley, a Virginian lady of the old school.

The western and most valuable estate, estate was the inheritance of Honora Paule, an orphan heiress, grand daughter and ward of Madame Audley.

The northern and smallest one, called, from being the deepest vale of the four—Hawthorn Hole—was the property of old Hugh Hawe, a widower of gloomy temper, parsimonious habits, and almost fabulous wealth.

The southern farm—named, from the extravagant cost of the elegant mansion-house, elaborate out-buildings, and highly ornamented grounds, which had absorbed the means of the late owner, "Farquhar's Folly"—was the heavily mortgaged property of Geoffrey Farquhar Dulaney, the grandson of Hugh Hawe, and now a young aspirant for legal honors at the University of Virginia.

But little benefit to the heir was to be hoped for from the inheritance of his father's bequeathed property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawe had bought up in his own name all the claims against the estate of Farquhar's Folly—doubtless to prevent a foreclosure, and to save the property for his grandson.

But, unluckily, Geoffrey had mortally offended the despotic old man by declining an agricultural life, and persisting in the study of a profession—a course that had resulted in his own disinherison.

To make this punishment more bitter to his grandson, the old man had taken into favor his nephew, Dr. Henry Hawe, whom he had established near himself at Farquhar's Folly.

At this time, the disinherited heir, having finished a term at the University, had come down to spend a part of his vacation in his native place.

It was upon the Saturday evening of his arrival that he found the little hotel, and, in great state of excitement, from the fact that the celebrated heiress, Miss Honora Paule, had just stopped there, and passed through on her way home.

Those who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her face, with each other in pride of her many charms, while those who had not, listened with eagerness, and looked forward to indulging themselves by seeing her in person the next morning.

The next day, Geoffrey Dulaney attended church with his father and mother, and the most beautiful and interesting-looking girl he had ever beheld. Her air, the ease and simplicity of her attire, her supple and her to some poor dependent of Madame Audley's, in whose power she sat. Geoffrey was completely captivated, and he resolved at once to woo, and if possible, win this lovely being for his wife, poor girl though she was. He was glad she was poor, because she could for that reason be more easily won. But on account, saying, Mr. Willoughby, the clergyman, and his brother-in-law, Ernest Heine, known after church, when his astonishment and dismay at being introduced to the supposed "poor girl," whom he found to be no other than the celebrated heiress, and belle, as well as the best and noblest girl, in the state of Virginia. She greeted him cordially, and in a few minutes the topic of "capital punishment" having been started, Geoffrey turned to Honora, and said:—

"I take an especial personal interest in having capital punishment abolished—Miss Paule, do you believe in astrology?"

"Sir, why did you ask me if I believe in astrology?"

"Because, Miss Paule, I was about to relate for your amusement, a prediction that was made concerning myself, by a professor of that black art."

"A prediction?" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, drawing near, with eager interest.

"Yes, madam," replied Mr. Dulaney, smiling, "a prediction which, if I believed, would certainly dispose me to favor the abolition of the death penalty. Three years since, while I was sojourning for a short time in the city of Richmond, on my way to the University, I chanced to hear of the Egyptian Dervis, Achhad, who was at that time creating quite a sensation in the city. His wonderful reputation was the theme of every tongue."

"Intense and curiosity combined to lead me to his rooms. He required a night to cast my horoscope. He demanded, and I gave him, the day and hour of my birth, and then I took leave, with the promise to return in the morning. The next day I went."

"Well?" questioned Honora, earnestly.

"My horoscope was a most gloomy one! Indeed! It predicted for me—a short and stormy life, and a sharp and sudden death."

"Good Heaven! But the details?"

"It has prophesied four remarkable events, the first of which has already come to pass."

"And that was—?"

"The loss of my paternal estate!"

"Stupider coincidence!" interrupted Mr. Willoughby, as he arose and joined his wife and brother-in-law at the other end of the room.

"I thought so when the prophecy was fulfilled," replied Geoffrey.

"And the other three events?" softly inquired Honora.

"The other three events, if they follow as predicted, must happen within the next two years, or before I reach my twenty-fifth anniversary. The first of these is to be the unexpected inheritance of vast wealth."

Upon hearing this, a bright smile played around the lips of Honora, and banished the clouds from her brow. She waited a few minutes for him to proceed, but finding that she continued silent, she said:—

"Well, Mr. Dulaney, go on! what was the third predicted event?"

"Do you command me to inform you?"

"No, sir; I beg you, of your courtesy, to do so."

"Very well," he said, dropping his voice to a low undertone, "It was to be my marriage with the woman I should worship."

A deep blush supplanted the bright smile that quivered over Honora's variable face. There was a pause, broken at length by her voice, as she gently inquired:—

"And the fourth?"

"The answer came reluctantly, and in tones so low as to meet only her ear:—"

"The fourth and last prediction was, that before my twenty-fifth birthday I should perish on the scaffold."

A low cry broke from the lips of Honora as her hands flew up and covered her face. After a minute or two she dropped them, and looking him steadily in the face, said with equal firmness:—

"You doubtless wonder at my emotion. Now hear me. On the autumn following the summer in which that prediction was made to you, I was in Baltimore with my grandmother, and with Mrs. Willoughby who was then Miss Heine. Curiosity took us to the rooms of the Egyptian, who was then creating such preparations as he had used in some of his former performances, and read my future. It was this, that before my twentieth birthday, I should be a bride, but never a widow, for that the fatal force of a scaffold arose between the nuptial benediction and the bridal chamber. Such were the words of the prophecy." She spoke with a solemnity that seemed to overshadow every other feeling.

CHAPTER II.
The Sybil's Circle.

The next day, Honora informed her grandmother, Madame Audley, of Geoffrey's presence in the neighborhood, and the old lady sent her only brother, Colonel Shannon, to fetch him to Piedmont. Geoffrey accepted the invitation. On his arrival, he found that General Sterne, the governor elect of Virginia, and his son, had just taken up their quarters, for several days, with Madame Audley and the old lady, in his honor, at once sent off cards of invitation to some of the neighbors to visit her that evening.

When tea was over, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where, as soon after, the guests invited for the evening joined them.

First came Father O'Lougherty, the parish priest of St. Andrew's church, at Crossland. The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, and Mr. Heine.

"Immediately after them came Dr. and Mrs. Henry Hawe—the doctor, a man of great fashion and elegance, the lady, a delicate, pensive woman, with a soft and moonlight face, beaming softly out between her fleecy locks of jet.

"A dazed silence reigned. Rose shuffled the cards, turned them with their faces down, and then addressing her right-hand neighbor, Mr. Sterne, in a low voice, she demanded:—

"What would you wish the Sybil?"

"I would have the future partner of my life," was the formal answer.

"Draw!"

The young man hesitated for a while, smiled, and, rejecting all those cards that were nearest himself, put his hand under the pack, and withdrew the lowest one.

"Read!" he said, extending the card to the Sybil.

"Heal!" she exclaimed:

"A widow, beautiful as light,
Will be your lot to wed—
With a rich partner, which shall pour
Its message on your head."

There was a general clapping of hands, and shouts of laughter.

It was now Miss Jessie's turn to test her fate. Being a young lady, she could not put the question in the usual form, but merely inquired what should be her future fate.

The answer was:—

"To handle fools and chronicle small beer," a reply that nearly extinguished Miss Jessie for the evening.

"I declare, if here is not Mr. Hugh Hawe!" exclaimed the lively Lily, as the old miser snatched deliberately to the table, and stood looking with indolent curiosity upon the game of the young people. "Come, Mr. Hawe! I declare, you shall have your fortune told!"

"Well, well—the commands of young ladies are not to be disobeyed," replied the old man, gallantly, as he extended his hand and drew a card, which he passed to the Sybil.

"Amid a profound silence, and in a solemn voice she read:—

"The tale looks full of horror. From false friends, Near at hand, perils threaten thee!—
A fearful sign stands in thy house of life!—
An enemy—a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of the placid—Oh, be warned!"

"Pshaw! what serious mockery!" exclaimed the old man, scornfully, as he turned away, and gave place to his nephew, who had all the while been posted behind him, peeping over his shoulder.

"Will you permit me to test my fortune?" inquired the "fascinating" Dr. Hawe.

"And what would you wish the Sybil?" was the response.

"I would know the future."

"Draw!" said the Sybil, in a tone of assumed sternness.

Smiling his graceful but most sinister smile, the doctor drew a card, and passed it to the reader.

"Heal!" said the latter, lifting the tablet of fate, and reading:—

"I know thee!—thou fearest the solemn night,
With her piercing voice, and her deep wind's
Tongue!—
There's a time in her voice that fain would shun,
For it asks what the secret soul hath done!
And thou—thou fearest the solemn night—
Back to thy house and pray!"

"Look! I declare, how pale the doctor has grown!" exclaimed the blushing Jessie.

"One would really think, to look at him, that a deep remorse for some unaccountable crime, preyed upon him."

"Nonsense! Jugglery!" exclaimed the latter, turning away to conceal his agitation.

The eyes of Honora Paule followed him with the deepest interest—there was that upon his brow that she had never seen before.

"The next in turn was Agnes. Turning to her, Rose said:—

"What seek you in the magic circle, lady?"

"My destiny," answered the lucid tones.

"Invoke the knowledge!"

Agnes drew a tablet, and passed it, as usual, to the Sybil, who read:—

"Oh, tempt me not to tell
The doom shall make thee desolate,
The wrong thou mayest not quell!
Away!—Away!—For death would be
Thine as a very gentle sleep!"

Agnes shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

"Put up the tablets! They are growing fatal!" said Rose.

"Not for the world!—now that each word is fatal! There is a couple yet to be disposed of! Miss Paule, draw near!" said Mr. Heine.

The check of Honora Paule changed; yet, with a feeling that she felt to be unworthy, she smiled, reached forth her hand, drew a tablet, and passed it to the Sybil, who, in an affirmative voice, read:—

"But how is this? A dream is on my soul!
I see a bride—adorned with flowers and smiling,
As in a dream, and then she dies!
Of a dead classic—dead as thou art!"

Honora heaved a sigh, remembering the strange correspondence of these lines with the prediction of the astrologer, made long ago, endeavoring to convince herself that it was mere coincidence, and vainly trying to subvert the foreboding of her heart.

"Mr. Dulaney!" said Rose, shuffling the tablets, and passing them to him.

He drew a card, and returned it to be perused.

"The Sybil took it, and a thrill of superstitious terror shook her frame as she read:—

"Diagnose and ill,
And shameful death are near!"

An irrepressible low cry broke from the lips of Honora: "Throw up the cards!" she said: "It is wicked, this tampering with the mysteries of the future!"

The above is the commencement of Mrs. Safford's great story, which is now being published in the *New York Ledger*. We give this as an example; but it is only the beginning of this most interesting, fascinating, and beautiful tale—the balance, or continuation of it, can only be found in the *New York Ledger*, the great family paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city.

Remember and ask for the *New York Ledger* of January 10; and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy from any news office, the publisher of the *Ledger* will mail you a copy on the receipt of five cents.

The *Ledger* is mailed, to subscribers, at 82 a year, or two copies for 83. Address your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann St. New York. It is the hand-

somest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a moral tone.

The story is, of itself alone, worth the price of the *Ledger*. To peruse the history of the lovely heiress, Miss Paule—how she came to be a bride for duty on an evening, and all the strange and absorbing particulars connected therewith, will be a treat for all who take the trouble to get the *Ledger*.

Her color for duty's heart so kind,
Her color for duty's heart so kind,
All speak her woman—But her maid
Lies low, her hands and her eyes are dead.

Foreign and Colonial.
Arrival of the North American.

Portland, January 14.
The steamship *North American*, arrived at 3 p. m., with Liverpool dates to the 30th December.

